

The Daily Green Mountain Freeman.

VOLUME I.

Freedom: its Interests, its Rights, and its Honor.

NUMBER 2.

BY C. W. WILLARD.

MONTPELIER, VT., APRIL 16, 1861.

PRICE, TWO CENTS.

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS

BY THE BEST WORKMEN IN THE COUNTRY.
Carriage and Sleigh Manufacturing will be carried on by the subscriber opposite the
Court House Square, Montpelier, Vt.
Those in want of carriages, sleighs and sleighs, will be happy to call and see what is being done at the old stand of G. L. N. & C. CAMP.
All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN W. CLARKE.

GEO. W. SCOTT,

Having purchased the

GOODS

of the

MERCANTILE UNION,

Will continue the business at their old stand,

HEAD OF STATE STREET

where the business will be conducted on the principle of

Small Profits for Ready Pay!

In the name of

SCOTT & CO.

Montpelier, March 15, 1861.

SPRING STYLE! SPRING STYLE!

CARPETS! CARPETS!!

APRIL 8, 1861.

We have now the Largest, and

BEST SELECTED STOCK

OF CARPETINGS,

—COMPRISING—

TAPESTRY, THREE-PLY,

Super, Superfine and Extra-Fine.

COTTON AND STAIR CARPETS,

Oil Carpets, all widths, Rugs & Mats.

Which we offer at prices that defy competition.

Carpets Made and put down in the best Manner.

J. W. ELLIS & Co.

The Alexandre Organ!

Patented in the United States, May 24, 1859.

Adapted to the use of Drawing Rooms, Churches, Chapels and schools. This instrument is superior to any other reed instrument ever invented.
GEO. W. WILDER
has just received one of these Organs containing 15 stops, and will be pleased to exhibit the instrument at his Music Store to all desiring to hear it.

A CARD.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and patrons that he has removed to Montpelier, Vt., where he has opened an Office in the Freeman Building, and will give his individual attention to the practice of the Law in Washington and the surrounding counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and efficient attention.
F. V. RANDALL.
Montpelier, Oct. 1860.

N. W. GILBERT,

SURGEON DENTIST

NO. 13 PAINES BLOCK,

145-1 NORTHFIELD, VT.

Sash, Doors and Blinds.

The place to purchase the

Sash, Doors and Blinds

made of the best

WESTERN PINE,

and in a good

Workmanlike Manner

is at the Factory of

J. D. CLOSTON.

Opposite C. H. Wilder's Mill, Montpelier,

Where may be found all times a good assortment of

Sash, Doors and Blinds; also, Pipes for Chain Pumps,

Boys' Spouts, &c.

Planing, Jointing, Grooving,

and Tenoning done in the best workmanlike manner.

While thanking for acknowledging a constant increase of

custom for the past few years, I would earnestly solicit

persons who reside in towns adjacent to Montpelier, in

want of the above articles, not to fail to consult me, in

person, or by letter, before purchasing elsewhere. It

shall be my purpose to furnish good work at low prices.

J. D. CLOSTON.
Montpelier, March 1861.

STYLES, DAVIS & STYLES,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTISTS!

(Successors to S. O. Hersey.)

Ellis' Block, Montpelier.

Also,

GALLERIES

AT

BURLINGTON

AND

ST. ALBANS.

THE subscribers are prepared to execute any kind of

Picture made by the

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.

FROM THEIR

LONG EXPERIENCE,

SUPERIOR APPARATUS

AND

WELL FURNISHED GALLERIES,

they offer their services with confidence that they can

please all who may favor them with their patronage.

G. B. DAVIS, Montpelier.

A. F. STYLES, Burlington.

A. J. STYLES, St. Albans.

235-1

Poetry.

Spring.

A flush of green is on the boughs,
A warm breath paneth in the air,
And in the earth a heart-pulse there
Throbs underneath the breast of snow.

Life is astir among the woods,
And by the moor, and by the stream,
The year, as from a torpid dream,
Wakes in the sunshine on the buds;

Wakes up in music, as the song
Of wood-bird wild and loosed'd rill
More frequent from the windy hill
Come greening forest aisles along;

Wakes up in beauty as the sheen
Of woodland pool the gleam receives
Through bright flowers, over braided leaves,
Of broken sunlights, golden-green.

She sees the outlaw'd winter stay
Awile, to gather after him
Snow robes, frost-crystal'd diadem,
And then in soft showers pass away.

She could not love rough winter well,
Yet cannot choose but mourn him now;
So wears awhile on her young brow
His gift—a gleaming icicle.

Then turns her, loving, to the sun,
Upheaves her bosom's swell to his,
And in the joy of his first kiss,
Forgets for aye that sterner one;

Old Winter's pledge from her he reaves—
That icy-cold, though glittering spear—
And zones her with a green cyma,
And girdles round her brow with leaves.

The primrose and wood-violet
He tangles in her shining hair,
And teaches elfin breezes fair
To sing her some sweet canonets.

All promising long summer hours,
When she in his embrace shall lie,
Under the broad dome of bright sky,
On mossy couches starred with flowers.

Till she smiles back again to him
The beauty beaming from his face,
And robed in light, glows with the grace
Of Eden-palaced cherubim.

O Earth, thy growing loveliness
Around our very hearts hath thrown
An undimmed joyance all its own,
And sunned us o'er with happiness.

Miscellany.

Our Mothers.

It was a pleasant morning in May. The usual exercises of the school were about being entered on, when our teacher was called from the room. After an absence of a few minutes, she returned, bringing with her a little girl, whom she introduced to us as Emma Lee.

The child quietly took the place assigned her, and the duties of the day proceeded as usual.

Some weeks after this, before schooltime one morning, we were assembled on the green enjoying ourselves in our various games for exercise. Helen Gray came up in great haste, saying, "She had something to tell us." With one accord our sports were abandoned, and we crowded around her to listen. She said that on the coming Thursday she would be eight years old, and her mother had told her that she might invite all her schoolmates to take tea with her on that day. "Now," said she, "be sure to ask your mothers, when you go home, if you may come; and we'll have a nice time!"

Just then the school-bell rang, and it prevented any further remarks. Whilst studying my first lesson, I happened to look over towards Emma Lee's desk, which was directly opposite mine, and I saw a tear drop on the book over which she was bending her head. Another, and then another, fell. She quietly wiped them away and continued looking over her lesson. Her class was soon called to recite. Every question that was put to her was answered with her usual correctness.

When the play hour came, of course the birthday party was the general subject of conversation.

After a few moments, I happened to think of Emma, and on looking around, I noticed her at some distance from the rest of us alone.

I went to her and asked her what the reason was she wept that morning in school?

"Why," she replied, "when Helen Gray was speaking of next Thursday, she told us to ask our mothers if we could come; and then her dark eye seemed to grow still darker, as she said I have no mother to ask."

I put my arm around her neck, and kissed her. Child as I was, I felt that there was something sacred in her sorrow.

In a few minutes she looked up and said, "My aunt is very kind to me; but when I hear other little girls speak of their mothers, I do so wish I had a mother, too, to love me! I think I never would grieve her."

My heart smote me; for I knew I had grieved my kind mother that morning by my disobedience.

She told me that she did not remember her mother, as she had died when she was but two years old.

The summons to resume our studies was given, and we were soon busy with our books again; yet I could not forget little Emma's sad story.

Thursday, so much looked for, came at last, and we all enjoyed ourselves very much at Helen's home.

Sometimes I thought I saw a shadow on Emma's face, though she seemed to enter into the pleasures of the hour. But she was never a merry child. I have thought, since, that it was the loss of a mother's love and care that made her quiet, even in her sports.

She had no mother? I remember how long I thought of her after I laid my head on my pillow that night; and I resolved then and there to love my mother more than I ever had before.

Have you a mother? Thank God for her untiring care and precious love. Cherish her tenderly; for next to a Saviour's love, here is the greatest blessing you will ever know on earth.

Be gentle with your companions; but, oh! be very gentle with the motherless—for there are many, very many such,—and, when you can, throw the sunlight of your love and kindness over their sorrowful, clouded pathway.

Novel Reading.

The *Pittsburg Advocate* has an article on this subject, from which we extract the following:

"The idea of a religious novel is a solemn, and unmeaning; but a religious allegory is more descriptive and true—a truth figuratively represented, implying something not literally expressed. A religious novel is equal to a religious counterfeit—religiously false and fictitious. We cannot conceive that anything false or fictitious is rendered any the better though qualified by the term religious. If false, it remains false; if fictitious, it remains so. Religion is neither fictitious nor false.

Then we insist upon the reading and perusal of something true, real and substantial; and, above all, would we recommend the reading and study of the Bible. Its truths are important. Let it take the place of novels on the table, in the hand, in the heart, and in the life. It has none like it, and can find no exposition nor illustration in novels. There is no principle, tenet or theory in it that a novel can throw any light on. Error cannot explain truth—fiction cannot make clear reality. The effect of novel reading is seen in various directions from one stand point. When we contemplate time, though difficult to define, it is of infinite importance, and once gone cannot be redeemed. Our future happiness depends on how we employ it, and it is criminal to abuse it by anything or in any way. That which will not tend to our highest and best interests ought to be left undone. We can conceive of no way in which time is more illy improved and so wantonly butchered as in novel reading.—The sacred moments so ingloriously consumed in the perusal of a fiction which renders no intellectual or moral improvement, are gone only to be lamented, but not to be repaired. That which is designed for the highest purposes and best employment ought never to be triflingly used. On the manner in which we spend time depends our intellectual improvement—our moral culture and holiness—our lasting comfort and happiness. If the time employed in reading novels was devoted to inquiry after salvation and holiness, there would be a larger number of representatives in Zion, and in her would shine the perfection of beauty more gloriously."

Terrible Things in Righteousness.—Dr. King, writing from Athens recently, refers to the terrible war of the Druses against the Maronites in Syria, and says:

"Do you remember the history of Asaad-Esh Shidiak, as published many years ago by the American Board? Once they led him out from his little cell, or dungeon, and presented to him on the one hand an image of the Virgin Mary, and burning coals on the other, and ordered him to embrace either the one or the other and he took the coals and pressed them to his lips, and returned to his narrow, filthy prison to die! Those coals have now kindled a fire on Mt. Lebanon, which has consumed all the villages and habitations of his persecutors! 'Terrible things in righteousness.' An avenging God is a consuming fire.

Revival in London.—As a result of the remarkable revival in London, of which we have had previous accounts, it is computed that the number of converts is not less than 250,000 out of a population of 3,500,000.—Two-thirds of the distilleries have been closed since 1836. Hundreds of persons near Russia have refunded to the government the duties on smuggled goods. Law suits have greatly diminished, and in villages once noted for their profanity, not one oath is heard.

The Exhibition Palace of 1862.

This structure is to exceed its illustrious predecessor in grandeur, in beauty of design, and elegance of finish. The main hall is to be 550 feet long, 250 feet wide, and 220 feet high! The picture galleries, built of brick, will be 2300 feet in length, 60 to 70 feet high, and from 35 to 55 feet wide. The nave and transepts are to be 2200 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 100 feet high. The sheds and other necessary buildings are planned on a corresponding scale. The whole work must be finished in less than one year from the present time, or by the 12th of February next. The Guaranty Fund, which amounts in all to £350,000, is headed by that truly royal patron of the Arts and Sciences, the Prince Consort, for \$10,000. It is stated by competent authorities, that the entire structure will cost £250,000, or \$1,000,000. It is to be located at South Kensington. The building will be made suitable for permanently remaining on the site, and will in every way outshine the Crystal Palace of 1851, or any other structure of modern times. A writer states that the great hall will contain a cubical area more than ten times as large as that of the great transept of the Hyde Park building, and that it would contain five of the centre transepts of the present Crystal Palace; its height will be unparalleled. There is a vast space to be occupied by the world's products, its inventions, manufactures, and works of art.

America will be allotted all the room she can creditably fill, and it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in making preparations for having the country well represented in all the departments. Many manufacturers may profitably exhibit their goods to the millions that will be gathered here from all parts of the world. It is, however, the American inventors who will reap the richest harvest of profit and honor. There are a thousand inventions in use in America which are practically unknown in Europe, that could form one of the most attractive collections of the exhibition, and the publicity thus given them will amply reward the exhibitors. Aside from those directly interested in the exhibition, we shall expect tens of thousands extra American visitors in 1862. It will be a good time for London and the Atlantic steamers. Even the Great Eastern will be able to find profitable employment during the exhibition year.—*London American*.

Cultivate the Whole Man.

You dwarf the remaining faculties when you devote one to abnormal size and strength.—Thus have men been great preachers, but uncommonly neglectful parents. Thus have men been great statesmen, but omitted to pay their tradesmen's bills. Thus men have been great moral and social reformers, whose own lives stood much in need of moral and social reformation. I should judge from a portrait I have seen of Mr. Thomas Sayers, the champion of England, that this eminent individual has attended to his physical to the neglect of his intellectual development. His face appeared deficient in intelligence, though his body seemed abundant in muscle. And possibly it is better to seek to develop the entire nature—intellectual, moral and physical—than to push one part of it into a prominence that stunts and kills the rest. It is better to be a complete man than to be essentially a poet, a statesman, a prize fighter. It is better that a tree should be fairly grown all round, than that it should send out one tremendous branch to the south, and have only rotten twigs in every other direction; better even though that tremendous branch should be the very biggest that ever was seen. Such an inordinate growth in a single direction is truly morbid. It reminds one of the geese whose livers go to form that regal dainty, the *pate de foie gras*. By subjecting a goose to a certain manner of life, you dwarf its legs, wings, and general muscular development; but you make its liver grow as large as itself. I have known human beings who practised on their mental powers a precisely analogous discipline. The power of calculating in figures, of writing poetry, of chess playing, of preaching sermons, was tremendous; but all their other faculties were like the legs and wings of the fattening goose. Let us try to be entire human beings, round and complete; and if we wish to be so, it is best not to live too much alone. The best that is in man's nature, taken as a whole, is brought out by society of his kind. In one or two respects he may be better in solitude, but not as the complete man.—A.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A Frenchman having heard the phrase, "I've got other fish to fry," very readily learned its application. One evening, escorting a lady home, and being invited to walk in, he thought of the above expression, and excused himself by saying, "I thank you, madam; I must cook some fish."

Agricultural.

Agricultural Prospects in England.

The London correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, writing March 29, draws the following rather gloomy picture of corn prospects in England this season:

"People flattered themselves that, after such a wet year, the frost would bring the soil into a glorious condition of pulverization. Now we are told that much of the young wheat which withstood the immediate influence of the frost, by being snow-covered at first, is now found to be destroyed by the singular expansion of the soil. First soaked and then frozen, the soil has risen so as to cut the stocks of the tender wheat.

A great breadth of ground had in consequence to be resown; and again we are told that the fortunes of the farmers hang on a forward spring. So far the spring has been very boisterous, but the roaring winds are certainly better than a steady rain of some weeks, or an obstinate frost sealing up the early year. The lambing season was looked forward to with eagerness as the supplying source of mutton and wool; but the season has, in some of the midland and southern counties, been most untoward as respects both ewes and lambs. In some districts the rot in sheep has destroyed many flocks. Thunder and lightning in February have done as much mischief as they usually do in July, and the wind has been more than commonly destructive.

Still the spring has come, and brought with it many favorable circumstances and all its encouraging hopes. The gardeners are now more discouraged than the farmers.—Peaches, apricots, pears and plums are killed, they tell us, down to the old wood; and cabbages, broccoli and lettuces are swept swept from the kitchen garden, and cherries are to be things "hoped for, not seen." Still the season is, immediately around us at least, earlier and much more promising than was the last. All the early flowers have appeared and flourished in their brief beauty. The honey bees have been nearly entirely destroyed, and in many counties not one is supposed to remain alive.

The song of the bird is heard again in the copse, and the rooks are as noisy as busy and bustling in the avenue as ever. Honeysuckles and hedge rose trees are full of tender young leaves and incipient buds; strawberries promise well, and early peas are forward.—The farmer admits that the fodder has lasted better than he expected it would, and says if the grass is not very backward he shall get through. Nobody is sanguine about the wheat harvest. We are assured that, under the most favorable circumstances, it cannot exceed an average crop of 14 bushels per acre.

Lampas in Horses.

A correspondent of the *Mark Lane Express* writes how a cure of this disease was effected by homeopathic treatment, in the case of a valuable carriage horse:

The animal had been suffering from the disease for sometime before the servant mentioned that it was ailing. An allopathic veterinary surgeon, who was consulted, declared that it was impossible to remove the diseased part except by cutting and burning. This we refused to permit, and began to treat it with homeopathic remedies, but, owing to our want of skill, without any success; the horse became daily worse; the palate and gums were so swollen as to prevent the power of mastication, and were like a white sponge. In this emergency we took the liberty of consulting a clever homeopathic M. D. who advised us to try *Rhus toxicodendron* A, five drops in half a pint of water, twice a day. In sixteen hours from the first dose, there was an improvement in the color of the gums and palate. The following day the swelling began to subside, and in seven days the creature was quite well, and has never since that time (a period of two years and a half) had any recurrence of the ailment.

TO WHITEN LINES.—Stains occasioned by fruit, iron rust, and other similar causes, may be removed by applying to the parts injured a weak solution of the chloride of lime—the cloth having been previously well washed—or of soda, oxalic acid, or salts of lemon, in warm water. The parts subjected to this operation should be subsequently well rinsed in soft, clear, warm water, without soap, and be immediately dried in the sun.

PITTING OF SMALL POX.—A friend who has been a sufferer from the disease of small pox, informs us that if when the pustules begin to appear, they are anointed with sweet oil and lime water, as these are generally prepared for application to burns or water scalds, it will operate to prevent or allay all irritation, and hinder the discoloration of the cuticle and the pitting which are so often the accompaniment of this fearful disorder.